

Thrust Upon Him

By OTHO B. SENG

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Squire Hart looked the young fellow over keenly.

"M-m!" giving his pudgy hand to the clasp of the long, thin one extended in greeting, "Ralph Reed, eh? And what do you do? Football, I suppose, like the rest of these dandies."

Reed laughed a good humoredly.

"No, Mr. Hart, I wouldn't stand the ghost of a chance in a rush. I'm on the track team."

"He's the champion sprinter, papa," interposed Elsie eagerly. "He won five points for the blue in the intercollegiate contest!"

Her father frowned at her enthusiasm, and Reed's thin, brown face colored.

"You ought to run," grumbled the squire, continuing his examination of the young fellow, "you're built like a greyhound or a grasshopper!"

Reed, outwardly at ease, flinched inwardly under the squire's keen scrutiny. His compact with the pretty Elsie would be null and void without her father's consent, and he felt that his athletic career was a detriment in the eyes of the older man. He was not at all encouraged by the remarks that followed.

"I don't believe in it," frantically. "Boys go to college to study, or ought to, and they make a business of some kind of foolish play. If those football fellows," pointing to the three other young men who were his daughter's guests for the spring vacation, "had to work one-half as hard sawing wood or plowing, they'd think they were terribly abused."

Some one called Elsie, and she hurried away, giving a pleading glance at her lover which he interpreted as counseling him to patience.

"And as for running," continued the squire, with increasing cheer, for he, too, had seen the pleading glance, "as for running, why should a man of ordi-



SHEN A STRIKE OF BLUE DASHED BY HIM, early courage care to excel as a runner? Running is an accomplishment for cowards!"

The blood rushed to the dark face, but Reed spoke quietly and courteously.

"There are things to run for as well as things to run from, Mr. Hart, and I hope I'd not be lacking if a test of courage came to me."

It was a merry party that roamed over the fields and through the woods searching for the earliest spring flowers; that rode and drove and sang and danced.

Young Reed and his fair hostess carried heavy hearts that made gayety an effort and laughter a mockery. The squire had refused to sanction their engagement, to listen to any suggestion or to make any promises for the future.

"I'll wait," he said grimly, "until you have shown that you can do something besides run!"

Apparently oblivious to the sports of the guests at Hart's home, the squire had kept a keen eye on them all. He rather admired the dogged pertinacity with which Reed took his daily run of three or four miles over the country roads. He smiled grimly when he saw the young fellow start out as if for a walk wearing a long raincoat over his running togs.

"Doesn't mean to give any unnecessary offense to the 'crawling parient,'" chuckled the squire appreciatively, "but intends to have his own way just the same."

"I'll be rather quiet and lonely at the house tomorrow," soliloquized the squire as he drove along, sniffing the fresh, clear air of the bright spring morning. "The lads and lassies all go today. I wish I hadn't been quite so sharp with Elsie and that young fellow. He seems a fine, manly chap. But what on earth does he want to run for?" ending irritably. "Hello, Bartlett, what's the matter with your horse?"

He had reached the top of a long, steep hill, and overtook a neighbor with a heavy load of rock.

"Stepped on a stone that rolled, and gone as lame as a layman's excuses," Bartlett answered characteristically.

"Suppose I hitch in my team and take the load down for you," suggested the squire, "it's all level after we pass my house. You can lead your own down."

Still still, Betty Bartlett, and hold on tight," playfully addressing the little girl perched on the seat. "My horses are frisky, you know."

Bartlett had looked the wagon wheels preparatory to making the descent, but as the squire fired the tongue for the chain snapper and broke down the hill, he shouted to Bartlett, who, hampered by the four horses, lost his head and only bawled, "Whoa, Hart, whoa!"

Hart held on to the tongue and braced back with all his strength, but

despite his efforts the wagon went flying down the hill like an engine on down grade.

"Hold on tight, Betty," the squire managed to yell.

He knew that if he dropped the tongue the wagon would be tipped over instantly and that there would be small chance indeed for the life of the child; so he too "held on tight" and ran as if fleeing from death.

"Go on, boys," cried Betty, in great glee; "go faster!"

The squire couldn't spare breath now even to groan. The heavy wagon, with a ton of rock behind him, crashed and roared, bounced over the rough places in the road, struck fire from cut stones, and the man ran till his legs seemed merely rags fluttering in a fierce wind.

Almost at the foot! If only he could hold out a few seconds more! And then he tried to close his eyes—for there, crossing the road, directly in the path from which he dared not diverge, was a little scarlet clad figure drawing a child's cart!

Bobby—his own little Bobby!

He tried to pray, he tried again to close his eyes, and then a streak of blue dashed by him, the next spot was caught up and rushed to safety!

He jumped instinctively when he reached the little cart, and it was crushed to pieces under the thundering wheels.

He had reached the level. He could feel the slackening of the terrific speed, but he still ran on, miles it seemed to him now, before he could stop the demon that was forcing him onward.

"Go on, boys! Giddy up!" cried the infuriated Betty as the squire dropped flat to the ground. "You can be my horse now!" she remarked complacently to the first of the young men who reached the side of the exhausted squire.

They quickly improvised a stretcher from the blankets and carried the unconscious man to the house.

He opened his eyes after a while and looked anxiously about him.

"Bobby's all right," said some one quickly, "and the little girl—and—and, I guess, everybody."

"Ralph!" gasped the squire.

"Here I am, Mr. Hart," bending over him.

"I am glad you can run," faintly.

"So am I, Mr. Hart," feelingly. "I feared you were going to run over me, though."

"We'll have to concede you to be the champion sprinter!" cried one of the other men. "That was a pretty long dash, sure enough!"

"Ralph must yield the palm to you, squire," added another jovially.

The squire shook his head feebly.

"He—he 'achieved' it," he whispered, his eyes on Ralph's fine face, "but it—it was"—He sighed wearily.

"It was 'thrust upon you,' you mean, squire," understandingly.

The squire smiled grimly in acquiescence.

Cromwell's Burial Place.

The thirty acres of this great cemetery (Abney Park) include the site of another large old house and its grounds, Fleetwood House, once the residence of General Fleetwood and his wife, who was Bridget, the daughter of Oliver Cromwell. This sight is to the right of the avenue, and there one summer day, among older and plainer tombstones than those of the Abney, or opposite, side, I saw men mowing the long grass and presently came upon a mound inclosed with an iron rail. The mound itself was covered with ivy, but trimmed so that one could read on a red granite slab the words, "This mound was a favorite retirement of the late Isaac Watts, D. D." Tradition says he loved that mound because from it he could see the open country. It is now hemmed in by houses, but the mound is still solitary. Another tradition tells of a rumor current soon after Cromwell's death to the effect that the Protector's body was not in the coffin that was buried with regal pomp in the abbey, but had been secretly brought down to his daughter's house and laid to rest where now is the mound.—Christian World.

How He Knew.

There is a very forgetful girl in Denver, living up on Washington street. Fearing a young man who called on her last week would stay too long she set the clock in the parlor half an hour ahead. She was tired, having been out horseback riding that day, and wanted to get to bed early. The scheme worked. But then she forgot to turn the clock back and, having numerous young men friends, she also very carelessly forgot which one it was. Last night the young man called again. The clock was still fast and he noticed it.

"That clock is wrong, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I set it ahead so a fellow who called Wednesday night would go home in time to let me get some sleep."

"The clock fooled him all right," said the caller quietly.

"How do you know?" she asked.

The young man smiled a sickly smile. "I called Wednesday night."

The girl coughed.

"We're having so much trouble in getting a hired girl," she said. "Does your mother ever have difficulty securing good help?"—Denver Post.

Too Busy.

She was ponderous and walking briskly, quite the sort of woman who never wastes a moment. He was dapper and just fluttering over the pavement. They came face to face on a crossing, and both stepped to the same side, then both side stepped again and were still face to face. Once more they balanced corners, and at the fourth move she stopped and said sternly: "Young man, I can't stay here to watch you dance! I've got engagements!"—New York Sun.

Turning the other cheek isn't a hard matter if your face is brass plated.

The stamp of poverty is easily erased if you use the right eraser.

An affection of simplicity sets the complex mind guessing.

Every man feels that heroism is latent in him and yearns to be discovered.

Silk From a Fish.

Byssus, of which fine, iridescent stockings and shawls are made in Sicily, is a silk made by a fish. The pupa is a Mediterranean shellfish that has an odd little tube at the end of its tongue. Out of this tube, spider fashion or silkworm fashion, it spins a silk thread, with which it fastens itself to any rock that it wishes to adhere to. When the pupa moves on its fastenings its silk cable remains behind. This cable, which is called byssus, the Sicilian fishermen gather. Byssus weaves into the softest, finest, sheen-iest of fabrics, but it is very rare and expensive.—Popular Science Siftings.

On Even Lines.

In the olden days many a good Scotchman fought in the ranks of La Belle France. A MacDonald, whose sword had won him a captaincy, while at mess with his brother officers was jeered at by a provincial major for a foreigner. "Bah," exclaimed the suaver, "you beggarly Scots but fight for gold!" "And what fights my brother Frenchman for?" exclaimed Mac. "For honor," exclaimed the Frenchman. "Well, well, man," coolly replied the Scot as he emptied his glass, "we both are fighting to gain what we need the most."

A Revelation.

In the midst of his passionate declaration she yawned slightly.

Though, with her white and jeweled hand, she attempted to conceal the movement, it did not escape him. His torrent of burning words ceased. The light died in his eyes.

"But why," he said hoarsely, "why speak to you of love? You are heartless—heartless. Your yawn showed it."

"Oh, Clarence," she whispered, horror stricken, "did I open my mouth as wide as that?"

How Lord Palmerston Squelched a Youthful Annoyer.

When the late Lord Palmerston, who had a keen sense of humor, first put up for the parliamentary representation of Tiverton and had duly introduced himself to the electors in the usual manner at a public meeting a youth scarcely out of his teens mounted the platform and requested permission to ask his lordship some questions.

The audience appeared somewhat astounded at his impudence, but the

People who have their eyes on results aren't always solicitous as to the means.

A mean disposition is one that doesn't harmonize with your own.

Insomnia is cured by going to sleep.

Lazy men were probably created that energetic people might feel virtuous when they see a lazy man.

She is a wise girl who knows that a man who knows how to make a living is a more desirable acquaintance than one who only knows how to dance.

The Summer Excursion.

Helgho! Didst ever go On a summer excursion? Of course You don't have to answer If you don't want to. Under our grand old Constitution No man is obliged To testify against himself.

Still It is nothing To be ashamed of. Other men have bit At the game. So you have no occasion To feel lonesome. It looks alluring Enough.

In the advertisement—A ride on a swell train For about a hundred miles More or less And back For one plunk. Not a word is said About extra charge If you have to stand up All the way.

You start off gayly With a light heart And a lunch basket. By the time you get To the train All of the choice seats Are taken, And you are lucky If you get one.

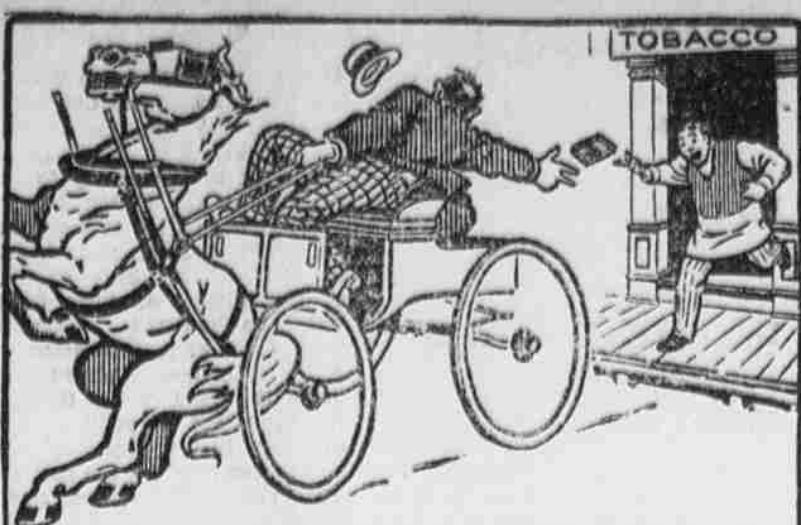
On the sunny side. Soon the man comes along Who didn't forget To bring his family. Babies eating lunch all over you Is only one of the pleasant incidents of the trip.

You know the rest, and I don't blame you For not owning up that once upon a true You went alone.

Two of a Kind.

"I like this cigar. It is a free smoker."

"Must be like my husband," observed the lady who had overheard. "He is a great man to smoke when the cigars are free."



"Whoa! I Want My Star"

No man can afford to miss "Star"—for in no other way can he so generously and economically satisfy his tobacco hunger. In no other chewing tobacco can he get such wholesome, rich, waxy tobacco—for "Star" is made of the best leaf grown.

STAR

PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

is not only the best, but the most economical plug you can use. There is more good chewing in a 10c. piece of "Star" than in other kinds, because the ripe, fully-developed, fine-bodied leaf in "Star" makes an elastic and lasting chew.

"Star" plugs are full 16 oz. weight—and have always been full weight. "Star" plug is the same price—the same high quality as it has always been—still as always the standard chew.

150,000,000 10c. pieces sold annually.

In All Stores

CONDENSED STORIES.

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H. V. Excursions.

Winn Lake Assembly, tickets on sale to Sept. 30 at low excursion rates, good for return until Oct. 31. See C. W. Schwenke for full information.

Fishing excursion rates tickets to points in Northern Michigan will be sold June 18 to Sept. 30, good returning 15 days from date of sale.

Mexico City, Mex., and return Sept. 2 to 13, \$66.45 good returning until Sept. 31.

Toronto, Ont., and return Sept. 13 to 16, \$11.75 round trip. Tickets good returning until Sept. 24 and extension may be had to Oct. 24.

Mountain Lake, Md., and return Aug. 28 to 31, \$7.85 good returning Sept. 15.

Milwaukee, Wis., and return Aug. 10, 11 and 12, \$14.20, good returning until Aug. 22.

Rome City, Ind., and return Aug. 29 to Sept. 8, \$7.25 good for return Sept. 11.

Roanoke, Va., and return Aug. 12 and 13, \$12.00, good returning until Aug. 25.

Chattanooga and return Sept. 16, 17 and 18, \$11.85, good returning until Oct. 31.

Memphis, Tenn., and return Oct. 15 to 18, \$18.40 good returning until Nov. 30. See C. W. Schwenke for particulars.

Rock Island and return \$16.55. Tickets sold Oct. 7, 8 and 9, good for return until Oct. 16.

Chattanooga and return \$11.82, tickets on sale Oct. 15, 16 and 17, good returning until Oct. 30, but may be extended until Nov. 30.

New Orleans and return \$25.55, tickets on sale Oct. 12 to 15 good for return until Oct. 30 but may be extended until Nov. 30.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Hiram G. Lamm, Sr., deceased. The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Hiram G. Lamm, Sr., late of Hocking County, deceased. Dated this 13th day of July A. D. 1906.

GEO. W. SNYDER, Administrator.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Mrs. California A. Balch, deceased. The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of California A. Balch, late of Hocking County, deceased. Dated this 13th day of August A. D. 1906.

JOHN C. PETTIT, Adm., of California A. Balch.

Probate Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts and Vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking County, Ohio, for first and final settlement, John C. Pettit, Administrator of the Estate of Owen Hamilton, deceased, and the same will come on for hearing on the 17th day of August A. D. 1906 at 10 o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as may be convenient.

F. P. MARTIN, Probate Judge.

Legal Notice.

Lonzo Christian, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that on the 16th day of July, 1906, Lonzo Christian, filed his petition in the Court of Common Pleas, Hocking County, Ohio, being cause number 200, for a divorce from the said Lonzo Christian, on the ground of extreme cruelty and failure to provide, and that said cause will be for hearing on and after August 30th, 1906.

MARIE CHRISTIAN, John C. Pettit, Attorney for Plaintiff, July 19, 06.

Notice to Teachers.

The Board of School Examiners of Hocking County will meet at the School Building in Logan, Ohio, at 8:30 A. M., on the 1st Saturday of each month for the examination of applicants for Teacher's Elementary Certificate and on the 1st Saturday of September, December, March and June for the examination of applicants for Teacher's High School and Special Certificates. Examinations for pupils desiring to enter high schools will be held on the Third Saturday of April and the Second Saturday of May.

J. C. SPENCER, President, D. E. HANSEN, Clerk, C. N. WHITE, Vice President, Logan, Ohio, February 2, 1905-07.

Probate Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts and Vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking County, Ohio, for first and final settlement, Barbara E. Acker, Administratrix of the Estate of James S. Acker, deceased, and the same will come on for hearing on the 17th day of August A. D. 1906 at 10 o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as may be convenient.

F. P. MARTIN, Probate Judge.

Houses and Lots for Sale.

Two good five room dwelling houses, good barn and out building, on fifteen acres of ground, water and all conveniences. Just outside of Logan, west.

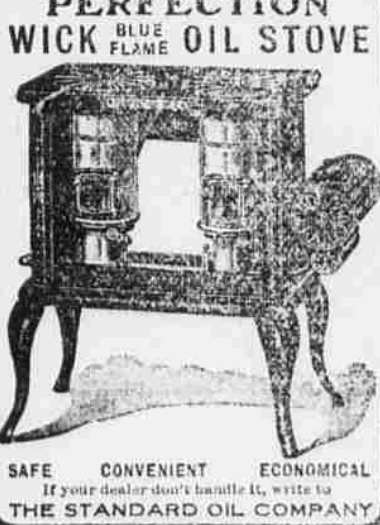
Also two good dwelling houses in West Logan.

Also twenty-seven town lots for sale, good locations.

Close prices for cash. Easy terms on time.

Call on, or address, CHARLES STEVENS, Logan, Ohio.

PERFECTION WICK BLUE OIL STOVE



SAFE CONVENIENT ECONOMICAL If your dealer doesn't handle it, write to THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

LADIES

Dr. LaFranco's Compound

Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator

Superior to other remedies sold at high prices. Sufferers used by over 300,000 Women. Price, 25 Cents, drug stores or mail. Testimonials and booklet from Dr. LaFranco, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup

Pleasant to take and does not gripe or nauseate

Cures Chronic Constipation, Stomach and Liver Trouble

Stimulation Without Irritation.

ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup is a new laxative syrup combined with the delicious flavor of fruits, and is very pleasant to take. It will not gripe or sicken. It is much more pleasant and effective than Pills, Tablets and Saline Waters, as it does not derange the Stomach, or irritate the Kidneys, Liver or Bowels.

Constipation.

ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup will positively cure chronic constipation as it restores the natural action of the intestinal tract. Ordinary cathartics may give temporary relief but the stomach is upset and the bowels are irritated without any permanent benefit having been derived.

The condition of the patient remains unchanged.

The Stomach, Liver and Bowels have not been stimulated and in a few days a stronger purgative may have to be taken. This is why Pills and Aperient Waters never give permanent relief. Their violent action results in an unnatural movement of the bowels and it is necessary to keep taking them indefinitely.

Why ORINO is different.

ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup is the only preparation that really acts upon all of the digestive organs. Other preparations act upon the lower bowel only and do not touch the Liver. It can very readily be seen that a preparation that does not act upon all of the digestive organs

can not cure Chronic Constipation, Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, etc.

For Biliousness and Sick Headache.

Take ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup. It sweetens the stomach, aids digestion and acts as a gentle stimulant on the liver and bowels without irritating these organs.

Clears the Complexion.

ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup stimulates the liver and thoroughly cleanses the system and clears the complexion of pimples and blotches. It is the best laxative for women and children as it is mild and pleasant, and does not gripe or sicken. Refuse substitutes.

Take ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup and if you are not satisfied your money will be refunded.

Prepared only by FOLEY &